

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE --
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS --
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 56

No.

9

FEBRUARY, 1924

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"I think it is a very beautiful film and everybody out here was very much pleased with it. I shall recommend it cheerfully whenever I get a chance. I thoroughly believe in moving picture films as an educational factor.

From Mrs. W. C. Mulford, Bridgeton, N. J.

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AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Vol. 56

February, 1924

No. 9

PHILADELPHIA takes a census of its horses. Three thousand and two hundred more are reported than the city had five years ago.

IF any Humane Society in the United States has had a satisfactory experience in connection with a Community Chest, we should greatly appreciate hearing from it.

A GOAT of 13, an old mare of 24, a dog of 14, blood grafting and Dr. Javorski—out of this combination, or as a result of it, we are all to become young once more. At least Dr. Javorski says so.

FOUR men, Italians, were recently heavily fined in California for capturing song-birds with nets woven of very delicate silken threads. Even Italy now has made the killing of song-birds illegal.

THE automobile is now making it possible for the hunter to cover so much more territory that our wild life is being blotted out faster than ever. Dr. Hornaday is quoted as saying it has increased the hunters' fatal sports by 50 per cent.

It was not an officer of a humane organization, but a man of insight and vision, who wrote recently concerning humane education, "It seems a far cry from considerations like these to federations of the world, yet international peace begins, if anywhere, in that reverence for life, for individuality, for personality, which has its roots in kindness to animals."

THE President endorses a World Court. We doubt if the Resolution in favor of such a Court will ever be reported out by the Foreign Relations Committee. Should it be, the reservations attached will probably lead to its rejection by the other powers. The Women's Committee for the World Court have pledged their organization never to rest until the Senate takes action upon this matter. More things may yet be wrought by women's votes than politicians dream of.

THE GREAT CRUELTY

WE trust those of our readers who have been so interested in our Slaughter-House Reform Campaign will not lose patience with us. The Committee has pushed its work as rapidly as possible. No one is more eager to see the goal reached than the Committee. Delay after delay has arisen that could not be guarded against. At the moment the device which we think is going to win the Ten Thousand Dollar Prize is being manufactured in completed form, and we are expecting any day notice of the date for a demonstration of it in Chicago before the Committee and the representatives of the Institute of American Meat Packers. Like all inventions, slight defects have been discovered that it has taken time to remedy.

Whatever the delay, we beg our readers to believe that we are leaving nothing undone that it is in our power to do to hasten this reform to which, more than to any one other thing, we have consecrated our strength and time for fourteen years.

THE HUMANE SOCIETY AND THE COMMUNITY CHEST

WE are thoroughly convinced that humane societies should not endorse the Community Chest idea. The Toronto Society has just withdrawn from this sort of service in that city because for the past four years it has received a monthly grant which has not exceeded 50 per cent of its expenditures, and under the rules of the arrangement the Society has not been permitted to solicit money for its work. The experience of the Toronto Society has been the universal experience of humane organizations where any active, vigorous work has been done. It is only one person in a hundred who is interested in the welfare of animals. Here in Boston we have refused to endorse the plan. Being a state organization we doubt if it could be expected of us.

THE DEER-KILLING PREACHER

THERE are all sorts of hunters. No wise man, however humane, will denounce them all. But when a man sets himself up as a preacher of the Christian Gospel especially demanding in its name the most rigid conformity to orthodox claims, and poses as a devout disciple of Him who marked even a sparrow's fall—when such a man, between his perfervid, acrobatic, perspiring, wildly-sensational attempt to persuade men to repent of their sins, takes a gun and with his "sweet gospel singer" and other assistants goes out to kill a defenseless deer, we judge him a fit subject for condemnation.

The Charleston, S. C., newspapers have lately been devoting large space to the exploits of the widely-advertised Billy Sunday as a deer hunter. He shot his deer. According to the press, he didn't kill it. He wounded it. Another fired the shot that brought it to the ground. The "Evangelist" enjoyed, so the account continues, the "smearing of blood," whatever that may mean, administered by the Rev. William Way, who was one of the party. Three of the five deer killed, we are told, were destroyed by members of Sunday's soul-saving brigade.

IT BEGINS TO HURT

THE National Association of the Fur Industry is feeling keenly the campaign of the humane societies against their business. In a paper entitled *Women's Wear* we read the following as the beginning of an article on this subject:—

The long-awaited "call to arms" to the fur industry of America to defend its life against the attacks of the combined forces of the humanitarian organization and the fur fabric producers, has finally been sounded by the National Association of the Fur Industry. The organization of the N. A. F. I. felt at that time that with the development of a tremendous national association, the industry could parry the blows of its apparent enemies and could render futile their attempts to end the life of the fur industry as they did that of the feather trades.

This is encouraging. Goliath no longer laughs at the despised David.

ANIMAL TURNS GOING UNDER THE BAN

MORE AND MORE CRITICAL PATRONS WATCH FOR CRUELTY ON STAGE AND SCREEN

PEOPLE will not tolerate public cruelties. But when they patronize exhibitions of trained animals, at circus, theater, or movie, they reward with applause and money those who have trained animals by cruelty and fear. It is part of the performance to display kindness to animals, and to have the animals appear to love their masters. These are business necessities."

Watch for Evidences of Cruelty

Many letters have been received not only from those who desire to be made members of the Jack London Club, but also from those who are watching with critical eye all trained animal performances that are presented in their vicinity. All correspondence or information of this nature is welcomed. We ask members of the Club everywhere to keep us posted. This campaign against cruelty to animals is steadily gaining its objective.

Cruelty in All Animal Acts

It is undeniably true that in all performing animal acts, whether in the circus, on the stage, or on the screen, there is a certain amount of cruelty. It took a whip, a torch, or a prong to teach the animal to act in the first place, and it takes fear and goading to keep the beast doing his stuff after he once "learns." —*Pathfinder*, Washington, D. C.

AN EFFECTIVE PROTEST

THE following communication is so concise and candid as an expression of one man's opinion of animal performances that it is worth the consideration of the many thousands who are members of the Jack London Club:

Manager ——— Theater:

Dear Sir:—

As a patron of your theater, I wish to protest against the showing of wild animal acts upon your stage. To me it is most painful to be forced to witness the inane and unnatural antics of these poor creatures whose training and transportation involve so much cruelty. It is difficult for me to believe that these acts can be otherwise than repulsive to persons of normal humane instincts.

I might add that, when I arrived at your theater today with the intention of attending a performance and learned that you were offering a lion act, I was constrained to turn in my ticket and require the return of my money.

Very truly yours,

G. R. F.

In his reply to the above letter the manager, at considerable length, explained that his theater was but a link in a circuit and that the booking of acts was beyond his control; that he had great sympathy for dumb animals, regretted that his correspondent's pleasure was marred, and assured him that his house offered less animal turns than other vaudeville stands.

LET all humans inform themselves of the inevitable and eternal cruelty by the means of which only can animals be compelled to perform before revenue-paying audiences.

JACK LONDON



International News Reel Photo

THIS AFFRONT TO HUMANITY AND DECENCY WAS RECENTLY PUT OVER AT A RODEO AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

"IF ONLY THE TRUTH WERE KNOWN!"

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

*IF only the truth were known"
About each helpless creature
Tortured and cowed to gain a crowd—
A money-making "feature"!
With "candy and kind words"!
With fear behind, before them.
They do each "turn" at the bidding stern
Of a greater fear held o'er them!*

*The little simple "tricks"
That the household pet learns gladly—
Are these the brand that get a "hand"
From a crowd applauding madly?
Ah, no! The skill that wins
The plaudits loud, unfailing,
Through agony attained must be,
With the lash as the price of quailing!*

*The fight is on—it is on!
And we whose eyes are lightened
Must face each hour the sullen power
Of Greed, with his hard grip tightened—
Tightened in fear of our strength
That shall some day crush his own,
For the crowd that cheers would bow in tears
"If only the truth were known!"*

FROM AN EDITORIAL ALLY

Our Dumb Animals:—

Dear Friends: I am very much interested in your good magazine, *Our Dumb Animals*, which we have been receiving for some time. As editor of a country weekly, I do all in my power to help your great and good work. I often reprint things of interest from your columns and send my magazine when read to a nephew to read.

I never cared for circuses or trained animal acts, but since reading your paper and the book "Michael Brother of Jerry," I shout against them every chance I have. I love animals, and am sorry that we cannot all do more to help alleviate their suffering.

Thanking you for all the good that you are doing, I am

Very truly yours,

(MISS) LEONA BANCROFT
Editor and Publisher
Prattsburgh (N. Y.) Advertiser

Join the Jack London Club by agreeing to withdraw from any place of public amusement when performing animals are exhibited; or by refusing to patronize the theaters that cater animal performances, and by sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals*.

THE COLT

GRACE STUART ORCUTT

OH, what a wild and venturesome young thing,
This playful colt that leaps the pasture bars!
It rushes forth expectant of all things;
Thrilled with the magic of its sudden bound
Into the freedom it had thought to gain,
While chafing restless at its mother's side,
Behind those small, confining wooden bars.

It trots awhile ecstatic at the change
To freedom from the bondage of the past;
With head and tail erect it scorns the barn.
Looks up and down the road, and far beyond
The world lies waiting to be won or lost,
Waiting to see how fine a beast it is;
And then the young colt learns it is alone—

Thrown on its own resources at a bound,
Around the turn a strange, discordant noise;
Nearer it draws—in panic flees the colt!
Where now its courage, joyous confidence?
On, on, it flies before this throbbing hum;
No sense to turn aside from out the road;
Scared little horse, some day you'll understand.

HELPING HIM ALONG

"Lady, could yer gimme a quarter to get
where me family is?"

"Certainly, my poor man, here's a quarter.
Where is your family?"

"At de movies." —*Boston Transcript*

THE OLD-FASHIONED KIND

Difficult Customer—I can't remember the
name of the car I want—I think it starts with
"T."

Exasperated Salesman—Madam, all our
cars start with gasoline.

—*The Passing Show (London)*

AS THE NEWSPAPERS SAW IT

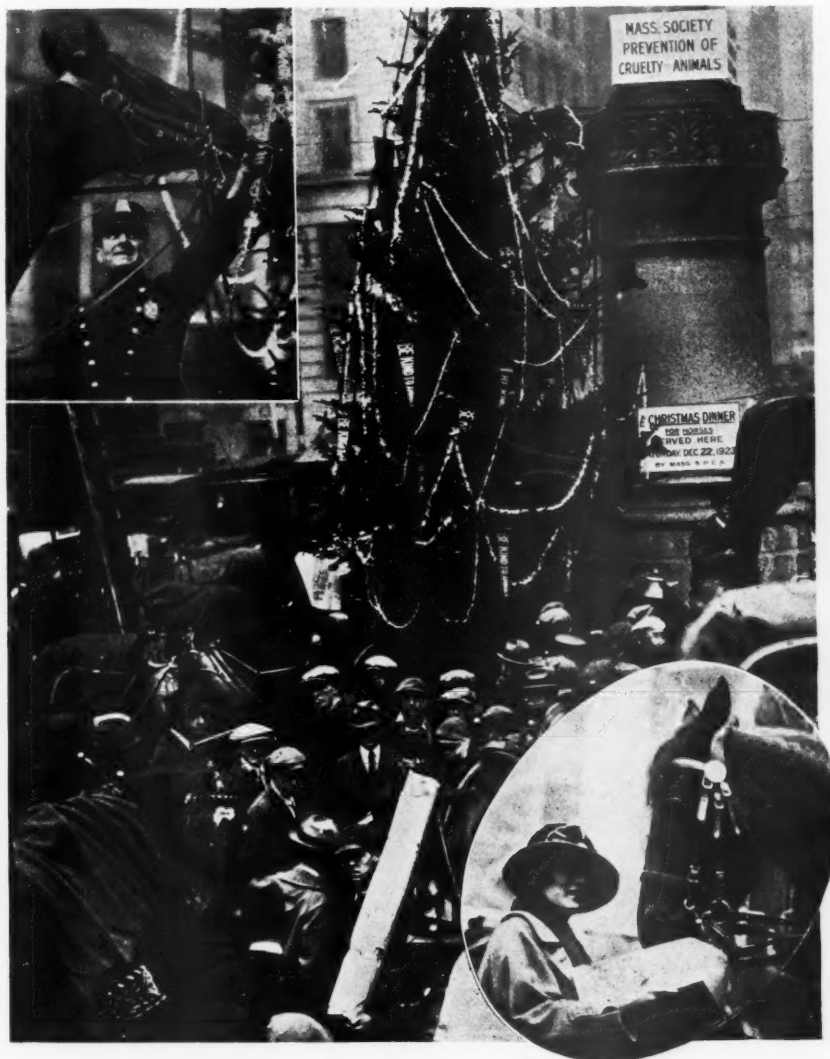
Traveler—If every work-horse in Boston
was not provided with a big Christmas dinner
today, it was not the fault of the organization
which does so much for the dumb animals.
From noon until late in the afternoon the free
dinners were served.

Globe—Each year the gathering of horses
with their drivers thickens around the bounti-
ful oat boxes and sandwich bags under the
"Be Kind to Animals" Christmas tree in Post
Office Square. Every year, on the Saturday
afternoon before Christmas, the drivers use
part of their own half-holiday to lead their
equine pets to the buckets of goodies provided
at the Angell memorial fountain by the Massa-
chusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty
to Animals.

Transcript—Rosa Bonheur or other famous
painters of horses would have found much to
interest them in Post Office Square this noon,
for it was the occasion of the annual Christmas
party at which the M. S. P. C. A. entertains
the work-horses of Boston.

In former years many drivers were diffident
about asking for the feed, but now the affair
is so widely known that the teamsters make
it a point to drive to Post Office Square for
the benefit of their horses.

ILLUSTRATIONS of the Horses' Christmas
shown on this page are from photographs used
by courtesy of the *Boston Traveler* and the
Boston Post.

Work-Horses Have Christmas Dinner
And Tree in Boston

SCENES IN POST OFFICE SQUARE, BOSTON, AT HORSES' CHRISTMAS DINNER
(Upper insert) Traffic Officer Patrick A. Hurley and "Dan." (Lower insert) Miss Evelyn Hanson,
who "helped" many a horse to his dinner.

THE work-horses are not forgotten or over-
looked in Boston at the Christmas-tide.
The patient and perennial service which they
render receives public recognition by a unique,
out-door festival, which was first started by
the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in 1916. Each
year in Post Office Square, around a handsome
tree suitably decorated for the occasion, the
Society acts as host to the horses and their
drivers. A substantial, well-balanced dinner
is given to all animals that forgather in this
spacious area. Oats, corn, cut apples and
carrots make up the equine bill of fare, while
hot coffee and doughnuts are served out to
drivers and their helpers.

Officers and employees of the S. P. C. A.
erect and decorate the Christmas tree and
prepare the feed for the horses, being assisted
in its distribution by many volunteers who
delight in having a part in this kind of Yule-

tide celebration. In fact, the Horses' Christ-
mas has become a most happy holiday event,
and one of the most popular and successful
departures ever instituted by the Society for
enlisting public interest in dumb animals.

Besides the scores of actual participants
whose pleasure it is to mingle among horses,
to offer a kindly suggestion or words of appro-
bation to those who work with them, and are
considerate of their care and condition, there
are also thousands of passers-by and eye-wit-
nesses who pause and linger to express their
approval of this humanely educational custom.

Herein lies the real significance and the
purpose of the Horses' Christmas—the horses
get but a single, choice, free meal, but many
thousands of men, women and children re-
ceive a salutary impression in the importance
of kindness to animals that remains with
them for many a day.

WASHINGTON AND HIS HORSES

WASHINGTON'S stables and equipages were always in perfect order. At Mount Vernon it was his custom to rise early and inspect them about sunrise. Except when absent as "general of all the forces of the United States," he gave his personal attention to his large estate. After a simple breakfast he would ride from twelve to fifteen miles round the numerous farms into which Mount Vernon was divided, open his own gates, minutely inspect every detail and give directions where they were needed. He continued to give his attention to plantation details to the last day of his life and rode with the ease and the gracefulness of a much younger man.

The master of the stables was a former British soldier, Thomas Bishop, who preserved iron discipline among the grooms and insisted that the coats of the horses should be so clean as not to stain a muslin handkerchief.

Washington maintained an extensive breeding establishment to provide horses for his own use and for the improvement of his neighbors' stock.

His personal prowess served as a model for every officer and man in action. Since he was habitually firm and erect in the saddle and had equipments in perfect order, and since his horses were known for their quality and the perfection of their manners, it is not astonishing that Washington impressed observers as the personification of power. When he received the surrender of Cornwallis' army at Yorktown, his magnificent appearance caused the breasts of the American and French troops to throb with pride. On that occasion he rode a highly-bred chestnut with white face and legs; it was called Nelson after the patriotic governor of Virginia. When Washington returned to Mount Vernon the horse was retired and spent the rest of its days well housed and cared for and frequently visited and caressed by its master.

When Washington was President his horses were a source of surprise and admiration. The coach team of white horses always appeared in spotless condition. The night before they were to be used they were covered with a paste of which whiting was the principal ingredient; then they were swathed in body clothes and bedded with clean straw. The next morning when the paste was dried, it was well rubbed and brushed and gave the horses a glossy and satin-like appearance. Their hoofs were blackened and polished, and their mouths were washed. They were then led forth ready in every respect for the light that has ever beaten upon the chariots of the rulers of people.

It was while Washington was riding around Mount Vernon estate for five hours during a heavy storm of rain, hail, snow and cold wind that he acquired the illness of which he died.

THERE is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange life, through which their life looks at and up to our command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not the soul.

RUSKIN

CRUEL is the world.

*Then be thou kind, even to the creeping thing
That crawls and agonizes in its place,
As thou in thine.*

ROBERT BUCHANAN

HOW PIGEONS FEED THEIR YOUNG

MABEL JANE McILWAINE

ONE of the strangest things in nature, and one that is not widely known, is the fact that for the first six to eight days of their lives squabs are fed entirely on milk. Three



Courtesy of American Pigeon Keeper

BLUE CHECKER RACING HOMER

or four days before the young are hatched, both the mother and father pigeon secrete a milk-like fluid in a gland in their throats provided by nature for that purpose. The squab thrusts his bill into the parent's mouth and receives its nourishment from the milk expressed from this gland. So far as is known, the pigeons and doves are the only birds who feed their young in this manner.

Pigeons lead a very exemplary life in every respect, and to spend several hours on a large pigeon farm and learn something of their habits is like a step into fairyland.

The courtship and domestic life of Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon, for instance, reads like an old-fashioned love story. There is no infidelity there. Pigeons mate for life. If one dies, the other may or may not take another companion, but as long as both live, they stick together.

When the mother is sitting on the eggs, promptly at ten o'clock every day the father bird comes to take his turn. And so accurate a timepiece does he carry in his head, one might almost set a watch by his appearance. This change does not consist merely in her getting off and his taking her place, but he first stands outside the nest on the landing-board and coos and bows three times (just three), and kisses her. Then she goes down into the yard and takes a bath and dresses her feathers. No eating for Mrs. Pigeon until she is well groomed. Then she is ready to eat, sun herself, and probably exchange views with the other lady pigeons on household topics. She enjoys herself this way until exactly four o'clock, when she flies to the nest, and the bowing and scraping, billing and cooing take place again and the transfer is made. In a pigeon home there is always time for politeness.

There is perhaps no uglier thing in all bird-dom than a newly-hatched squab, but to these fond parents he is beautiful. By the time he is two weeks old, however, he has feathered out and is very pretty.

The father continues to take his turn on the nest until the children are two weeks old, at which time they require no further hovering. He then brings material for a second nest,

which the mother builds. The children are left entirely to the father's care, and he is a very busy bird indeed. Instead of sitting six hours a day on the second nest, as he did on the first, he spends twelve hours out of each twenty-four there, and rustles food for the first brood also, for the older children are not yet out of their nest.

When the second family is two weeks old, the mother builds another nest out of the material provided by the father, and hatches a third family. Each family, by the way, consists of two squabs. Unless the oldest squabs have been taken away for market, as is done on commercial farms, when the third litter of eggs is being incubated the father pigeon has young ones to feed in two nests, spends half his time on the third nest, and somehow finds time to teach the first family to fly and feed themselves. When one considers that an average pair of pigeons raises ten families a year, it is apparent that Father Pigeon is not a union man.

Everything seems done in a spirit of love, and a man who has worked with pigeons for twenty years says he has never seen any quarreling between Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon.

HEN USES ICE-BOX FOR NEST

BERT MOREHOUSE

DOWN where we spent our vacation last summer we had a small cottage with an open back porch on which stood the refrigerator. One day my wife cleaned it all out and left the doors open so that it might have a chance to air a bit. It was a hot morning and, being near the salt water, we went bathing. When we returned to our cottage about noon, we were surprised to find an old Plymouth Rock hen nesting in the ice compartment of the refrigerator. The box was quite roomy, having a capacity for fifty pounds of ice. Pretty soon the strange hen went away cackling and we found a nice fresh egg, evidently as payment for the use of our ice-box.

We were glad to have the egg, but we also had to have ice and to use the refrigerator to keep our food in it, so we closed it up. The next day Biddy returned about noon, and we watched to see what she would do. After walking appraisingly about the refrigerator a few times, she flew up on top of it, perhaps concluding that the flat, cool top of the refrigerator being on the shaded back porch of our cottage was a nicer place to lay an egg than in some hot hen-house somewhere in the neighborhood. Anyway it was as comfortable as the inside of the ice-box. We had left two or three old newspapers on the top, and these Biddy proceeded to tear and haul about with her beak, arranging the torn pieces about her into a sort of rude nest. This resulted in another fresh egg for us; so we didn't object.

Seeing that Biddy had made up her mind—or whatever it is—to bring her eggs to cold storage, we supplied her with other newspapers from time to time, and thereafter during our stay in the cottage she showed her Plymouth Rock appreciation of the favor we had granted to her by laying an egg a day. Sundays included.

IF there is one thing that some of us can thank Almighty God for during our pilgrimage through life, it is the faithful love and devotion of our dog and horse friends.

R. W. S. BISHOP

Facts About Hawks You Ought to Know

ALVIN M. PETERSON (Photographs by the Author)

INVESTIGATIONS made by the United States Department of Agriculture show that many of our hawks are among our most useful birds. In spite of this fact, many people seem to be possessed with a mania for shooting them. Let a hawk appear in sight and they run for their guns as though their lives were in danger. I frequently see men sneaking through the woods and pastures trying to get near hawks for a shot. Others I see sallying forth gun in hand because a hawk has been discovered perched in a distant tree. There is no effort made by these gunners to determine the kind of hawk the bird may be or what it is doing. Large numbers of hawks are thus shot each year far from poultry yards. These hawks are in fact most of them actually doing good work when discovered and killed. Luckily hawks are very sharp-eyed and large numbers of them manage to keep far from man and his firearms.

But a short time ago I stood for some time watching a pair of large hawks that were sailing low over an oak forest. They sailed slowly just above the tops of the trees, looking this way and that as they carefully examined the forest floor for prey. Of one thing I was certain, these majestic birds were not hunting for poultry. They were in the wrong place for that. I frequently surprise hawks perched in trees far from farm-houses, where they have unobstructed views of near-by fields, meadows and open pastures. What are these birds looking for? Surely not for poultry, because there are no chickens there. They are there for other purposes. They are in fact on the lookout for mice and other small mammals, which they destroy in large numbers, thus doing some valuable work for the farmer.

Investigations have proved that we have but three destructive hawks, the Cooper, sharp-shinned, and goshawk. These hawks are often called blue darters because of their color and their rapid darting flight. They are able to catch birds on the wing and destroy game, song birds, and poultry. The goshawk is the largest of these and the most destructive, but is rare, visiting us only occasionally in winter. The Cooper, on the other hand, is not only very destructive, but is also quite common and does the most damage. It is about sixteen inches long and may be known

by its long, rounded tail. The sharp-shinned is also destructive, but is handicapped by its size, for it is but a foot long. It may be identified by its long, square tail.

The red-shouldered, red-tailed, marsh and sparrow-hawks are the most common of our useful hawks. The rough-legged and broad-winged are also useful, but are rarer than the preceding species. The red-shouldered hawk is nearly twenty inches long and is named from its chestnut shoulders. The red-tailed is two or three inches longer than the red-shouldered and may be identified by its reddish-brown tail. These hawks fly slowly, often soaring and sailing around while looking about for mammals, grasshoppers, toads, snakes, and other things to eat. The marsh hawk is about as large as the red-shouldered hawk and may be identified by the large patch of white on the rump. Unlike the red-shouldered and red-tailed hawks, which have short tails, it has a long tail and in this respect resembles the blue darters. It differs from the other hawks mentioned in that it nests on the ground, the others all nesting in trees. Its manner of flight is also different from that of the others. It soars or sails but little, but twists and turns as it flies slowly very near the ground looking for its prey. The sparrowhawk is but ten inches long and nests in holes in trees, often finding and making use of a flicker's hole which is about the right size.

The stomachs of two hundred and twenty red-shouldered hawks were examined by Dr. Fisher for the United States Department of Agriculture, and of these one hundred and two were found to have eaten mice, forty of them had feasted on other mammals, and ninety-two of them had eaten insects, whereas but three of these so-called hen-hawks had eaten poultry. The feeding habits of the red-tailed hawk are much the same as those of the red-shouldered, making it practically as useful a bird. The rough-legged hawk lives to a great extent on meadow mice and lemmings, while the marsh-hawk lives mainly on mice and other small mammals, frogs, and grasshoppers, but seven out of one hundred and twenty-four stomachs examined contain-

ing poultry. Three hundred and twenty stomachs of the sparrow-hawk were examined by Dr. Fisher, two hundred and fifteen of them containing insects and eighty-nine the remains of mice.

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that we have a number of different species of hawk, many of which are very useful birds; that we have but two common destructive hawks, the Cooper and sharp-shinned, which are our true hen-hawks; and that the red-shouldered and red-tailed hawks, which are generally known as hen-hawks, are very useful birds as also are the marsh, rough-legged, broad-winged, and sparrow-hawks. Mr. Frank M. Chapman sums up the situation as regards hawks as follows: "It is difficult to explain the difference between these hawks with sufficient clearness to prevent one's killing the wrong kind, but if the farmer will withhold his judgment against hawks in general, and shoot only those that visit his poultry yard, he will not go far astray."

NEW YEAR'S FOR THE SQUIRRELS

UPON invitation of the three small children of Governor E. Lee Trinkle of Virginia, little boys and girls from every section of Richmond came to Capitol Square at 11 o'clock, New Year's morning, each armed with a bag of peanuts to serve as winter supplies for the squirrels who make their permanent home on the Capitol grounds. The pretty scene was photographed by one of the big moving-picture companies.

FOR HORSES IN WASHINGTON

THE horses of Washington, D. C., enjoyed a liberal Christmas treat on Saturday, December 29, through the generosity of the Animal Rescue League, Fourth Street and Maryland Avenue, S. W. The dinner, including oats, alfalfa, corn, apples and carrots, was served by women of the League on the lawn of the institution.



YOUNG RED-SHOULDERED HAWKS



SAME HAWKS PHOTOGRAPHED ONE WEEK LATER

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

FEBRUARY, 1924

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

DOES ELECTRICITY KILL?

IN a special cable to the *Boston Transcript* (Copyright, 1923, Public Ledger Company), we are told:

Professor Jellinek, head of the Vienna Electropathological Institute, has shocked the medical world with the assertion that the electric current does not kill, but merely drives its victims into a trance and that hundreds of persons have been buried alive in this condition.

Professor Jellinek claims to have proved by experimentation that victims can usually be revived by artificial respiration, this being effective even after shocked individuals have lain apparently dead for an entire day. Efforts to resuscitate victims, he declared, must never be abandoned until visible signs of decay appear.

In the current number of the *Vienna Clinic Weekly*, Professor Jellinek claims that resorting to artificial respiration to revive persons shocked "to death" fails only when begun too late or discontinued too soon. He cites two cases in which he was able to revive individuals who had been definitely pronounced dead by capable physicians.

An eleven-year-old boy, apparently killed by a live wire last October, who had lain a half hour without breathing or sign of pulse, was revived after hours of artificial respiration. A second and more startling case was that of an electrical worker, aged twenty-three, who received a charge of 32,000 volts. He was revived after three hours' work.

THE "WILD WEST" AND MURDER

TWO young lads last month in Pasadena wounded a five-year-old playmate with a revolver, beat him into insensibility, and then, having tied him to a post, abandoned him. Later, frightened at what they had done, they planned to release him under pledge of secrecy as to the facts. They found him dead. Their confession stated they were enacting a "Wild West" show. This confirms all too sadly our long contention as to the demoralizing influence of these exhibitions over the young. This is not the only instance of it that has come to our attention.

Please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals when making your will.

THE DREAD DISEASE OF DOGS

THIS is distemper. If other diseases have slain their thousands, this has slain its tens of thousands. Here at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in specially isolated quarters we have had our full share of experience with this destructive malady. Over against the claim of many that the disease can be controlled by vaccines and serums stand the facts that contradict it. Probably few better authorities could be consulted upon the subject than Dr. Hardenburgh, of the Mayo Foundation of the University of Minnesota. Our Chief Veterinarian wrote him with regard to it, and we are glad to publish his reply:

"I am glad to know that I am not the only one who has lost all faith in the present vaccines and serums that have been produced to treat distemper. I note that there are some men in the country who are regarded as authorities in canine medicine, who still suggest, if not actually advise, the use of biologics in treating animals affected with distemper. Just what basis they have for such practice is hard for me to understand, and I am glad to hear from someone who has had such wide experience as you have had, who can corroborate my own observations."

A PRAYER

THE author of this prayer we know. It breathes his spirit—the spirit of a fine Christian soul. His name is Morney Williams:

O God, who hast made man in Thine own likeness and who dost love all whom Thou hast made, suffer us not, because of difference in race, color or condition, to separate ourselves from others, and thereby from Thee; but teach us the unity of Thy family and the universality of Thy love. As Thy Son, our Savior, was born of an Hebrew mother and ministered first to His brethren of the House of Israel, but rejoiced in the faith of a Syro-Phoenician woman and of a Roman soldier, and suffered His cross to be carried by a man of Africa, teach us, also, while loving and serving our own, to enter into the communion of the whole human family; and forbid that, from pride of birth and hardness of heart, we should despise any for whom Christ died, or injure any in whom He lives. Amen.

THERE is a saying to the effect that the dyer's hand is stained by the dye it works in. We are not surprised to see our Secretary of War quoted at West Point as follows: "If it were not for the restraining effect of military establishments of the nations of the world, an indescribable state of chaos would result and civilization would be rapidly terminated through self-destruction." No wonder that men who believe such stuff cry for large armies and navies. It was the military establishments of Europe that nearly terminated Europe's civilization through self-destruction.

WHEN Mr. Cherry Kearton can say, "Last year I traveled from Cape Colony right up into the Congo and did not see half a dozen animals, though I was on the lookout for them all the time," one can't help hoping, concerning the South African hunters, that more "lions will do their duty."

Do not forget to feed the birds in winter.

FOR THE TEACHER

THERE are few ways in which the teacher can better interest her pupils in humane education than by calling on them from time to time to tell, or write, some incident in which they have been kind to animals. Nothing was more interesting at the last International Humane Conference in New York than the program arranged by Mrs. Stella J. Preston of the American S. P. C. A. in which a large group of children from the Humane Society of Public School 95 told of acts of kindness they had been able to render to animals. These pupils were of all nationalities and one could easily imagine what it meant to the homes represented by these children when the parents knew that Mary or Pietro or Hans or Jacob or Rebecca had told, or was going to tell, the story in school. The teacher who misses this method of inculcating the spirit of kindness misses one of the easiest and most effective methods at her command.

We are greatly pleased to see this plan being carried out in certain schools in France. *La Protection des Animaux*, Marseilles, devotes several pages to school essays written by pupils in l'Ecole Supérieure de Filles de Bizerte. Here are one or two illustrations: "One day I came across a little cat trembling and frightened at a street corner. I took it home, cared for it, fed it, and we have kept it as if it had been ours always." "Sunday evening returning from a walk, I saw a snipe which could not fly. I took it home. Papa, who has had sick hens, called a veterinarian, and he cured the little snipe, and I have given it its liberty." These stories, some much longer, but all of a similar nature, are almost reproductions of those told in New York. We heartily commend this method of interesting children and also of fulfilling the legal requirements of some states in the matter of meeting the demands for humane education in the schools.

A LITTLE LESS THAN HUMAN

OUR ANIMALS is authority for one of the most striking illustrations of canine intelligence and devotion of which we have ever read, related by Mrs. Ruby Pettis, a ranch woman at Sherar Bridge, Oregon. It is that while driving at dusk, from a neighboring ranch, the loaded wagon was overturned in rounding a curve, and she was pinned beneath, unable to move hand or foot. She was imprisoned for fifteen hours. Her shepherd dogs, Jack and Pup (his mother) saved her life from several menaces.

First, they stopped the horses, saving their mistress from being crushed to death by the wagon. Then they burrowed frantically under the wagon, removing from her face the earth that would have suffocated her. They repeatedly repelled the insistent advances of a herd of hogs. They licked from their mistress' face the blood that flowed from nose and mouth, and prevented her suffocation. The crowning work of these faithful animals was to sweep with their paws, from the hole they had dug, the water from a rain that fell during the night, working alternately all night and saving the woman from drowning.

At 11 o'clock the next morning a ranch hand, attracted by the frantic barking of the dogs, rescued Mrs. Pettis.

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 7-12; Humane Sunday, April 6, 1924.



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
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MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	681
Animals examined	4,172
Number of prosecutions	13
Number of convictions	12
Horses taken from work	46
Horses humanely put to sleep	160
Small animals humanely put to sleep	439
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	73,914
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	193

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts during December of \$100 each from Miss M. A. B., S. A., Miss M. H., Dr. W. L. R., F. M. H., G. H. N., Mrs. L. D. M., Mrs. F. B. S., and C. H. S.; \$50 each from Miss M. S. L., Miss M. J., Mrs. C. H. W., and Mrs. S. A. M.; \$35 from Mrs. J. H. S.; \$35 from Mrs. W. S. Y. for endowment of free dog kennel for one year, dedicated to "Bob," in memory of Mr. W. S. Y.; and \$35 from Miss G. F. for endowment of free dog kennel for one year "in memory of Boy"; \$25 each from A. F. H., E. L. P., Mrs. F. H. W., Mrs. J. H. M., R. J. A., H. W., S. K. A., M. G. R., Mr. and Mrs. C. F. E., C. W. B., and Mrs. E. P. C.; and \$20 each from F. L., W. W. C., and B. Bros.

The American Humane Education Society has been remembered in the will of Dr. Alice A. Robison, of Amenia, N. Y.

January 8, 1924.

Humane Calendar for 1924, postpaid for 20c.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
J. R. WELLS, V.M.D.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER

Hospital	Cases	Free Dispensary	Cases
Cases entered	571	Cases	1,083
Dogs	370	Dogs	789
Cats	165	Cats	290
Horses	29	Horses	3
Birds	6	Bird	1
Monkey	1		
Operations	375		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15	38,185		
Free Dispensary cases	48,878		
Total	87,063		

WHEN we built our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital nine years ago, many predicted it a waste of money. Who would avail themselves of it? Our accommodations are often insufficient to meet the demands. The total number of patients has been 87,063. Of this number the Free Dispensary represents 48,878.

PREMONITION IN ANIMALS

ANIMALS have strange premonitions sometimes. Dogs showed signs of great uneasiness two days before the last eruption of Mt. Etna began, and went about howling. Birds also stopped singing two days before.

When the first shock came cats mewed pitifully and rubbed themselves against the feet of the nearest human being.

Hares came out of their hiding-places and huddled together on the roads, showing not the slightest fear of passers-by.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of _____ dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

\$100 PRIZE FOR BEST ESSAY

Competition Open to Pupils in Normal Schools of Massachusetts

THE American Humane Education Society offers a prize of one hundred dollars in cash for the best essay on the subject, "The Value of Humane Education in the School," to be written by any pupil in any of the Normal Schools in Massachusetts. The essays are not to exceed 2,500 words in length, and must be received at the office of the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, on or before Tuesday, April 1, 1924.

Competent judges will examine the manuscripts and make the award, if possible, during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 7-12.

Name of the writer and of the Normal School must be plainly written on the first page of the manuscript. All manuscripts should be typewritten. Literature on the subject will be sent free, to any accredited pupil in any of the Normal Schools of Massachusetts, upon application to the American Humane Education Society.

HUMANE EDUCATION IN SAN DIEGO

IN the "Manual for the Elementary Schools of San Diego County, California," which gives outlines of the various courses of study under Humane Education we read:—

While the discussion of the subject of humane education may very profitably be largely incidental, the teacher should outline a definite series of lessons using such material as is found in *Our Dumb Animals* or the calendar prepared annually by the American Humane Education Society. Many schools find it helpful to organize the pupils into a Band of Mercy. Mrs. R. C. Hogue of San Diego is in charge of the Humane Educational Department of the San Diego Humane Society. She is very glad to distribute literature and also has films that may be circulated among the schools for such as have the apparatus for projecting moving pictures.

The city schools of San Diego are supplied with a "Supplementary Nature Study Pamphlet," issued in co-operation with the San Diego Federation of Parent-Teacher Associations. The pamphlet is made up of a selection of the leaflets published by the American Humane Education Society.

STOPS DOG FIGHTS IN MEXICO

A MEXICO CITY newspaper recently published the following:—

The Humane Society of this city has asked the governor of the Federal District to put a stop to the dog fights that have been permitted in the city. Consequently, there will be no fight between "Simon" and "Sordito" which was to take place next Sunday at the bull-ring of Chapultepec.

Miss Alva C. Blaffer writes that she has been grossly insulted by the promoters of these dog fights, which have been held contrary to the laws of Mexico, but that she went ahead with her efforts to stop them and finally succeeded. She has to keep constant watch to see that the decree against dog fighting is upheld.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

Practical Application of Humane Education

MRS. H. CLAY PRESTON, Director of Humane Education, American S. P. C. A., New York City

THAT there is a decided change in the attitude of schools and school authorities toward the subject of humane education is evident to all who are in a position to really know and understand the aims and objects of present-day methods.

There are two reasons for this. First, a realization of the school people themselves of the need of some definite form of ethical or moral training. Second, the realization of those endeavoring to establish or introduce the principles of humaneness that it can never be an outside or special subject, but should be made an integral part of the daily life of the school. There is no teacher really worth the name who does not desire and endeavor to give to the children under her care the very best that her time and opportunities permit. The difficulty has always been to find the time or opportunity to develop the sympathetic interest in all forms of life which is necessary to the right development of character.

There are two new words in modern education—"project" and "motivate," and it is through these terms that humaneness is introduced into the curriculum. The president of the National Education Association recently stated: "Teachers are learning how to hook up humane teaching with the regular work of the school." No longer is nature study considered the only subject suitable for correlation with humaneness. Well-directed reading instills into the child's mind the idea of justice and kindness. Oral and written composition furnish the opportunity for study and expression of these same ideas of kindly thoughts and principles. Even in the drawing lesson, it is just as easy to assign a subject that has behind it the motive of kindness, as to draw a meaningless object, and in this manner motivate the drawing lesson. A well-known school superintendent recently said at a large gathering of teachers: "School teachers must make a radical change in their attitude toward extra curricular activities, and instead of trying to combat them must work through them, because it is through such activities that teachers can do most to direct the moral qualities of the child."

Most prominent among such extra curricular activities are the civic organizations which are a part of nearly every modern school. The syllabus of civics and citizenship for elementary schools in New York State definitely prescribes a course of study so as to embrace the aims and objects of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals. Here, perhaps, is the most practical project of all to develop humane education.

It has been said in reference to the law which prescribes the teaching of "kindness to animals and birds and their economic importance" that the law will have little effect unless transmuted into the lives and acts of children of school age, and no civic organization is living up to its objective that does not put into action the principles for which such an organization stands.

The rescue of small animals from the streets, also the instruction in the care of domestic animals, is just as much a civic duty as the cleaning of the streets or the sanitary conditions of the neighborhood.

The practical demonstration of humane

education conducted by groups of children from the schools in Greater New York at the recent World Humane Conference reflected only a part of the work being carried on in the schools of that city. Each of the schools represented has an enrolment of over two thousand. The children pointed out in their reports that they not only keep a watchful eye for the comfort of animals, but carry on a work of education among the younger children, and extend their activities even to helping old people in the neighborhood.

There are approximately one hundred school humane societies organized at the present time, and the fact that during the past summer school children rescued more than twenty-eight thousand small animals from the city streets demonstrates both its educational and practical value.

A most significant phase of this organized school work is that it is being done entirely under the direction of the teacher, and is the natural development of humaneness as outlined in the course of study.

What is feasible in a large city school may not work at all in a smaller community. As an example, the schools in Connecticut offer an illustration of the practical development of humane education along entirely different lines. In several cities the superintendent of schools appointed a committee of teachers, usually three or five, to plan and supervise the carrying out of a program incorporating humaneness in the regular work. In a rural district the teacher in charge of a four-room school fixes certain days to emphasize kindly acts. On one of these days she urged "her boys" to bring their traps to school and consent to have them destroyed. One can easily imagine the patience and tact exercised by that teacher in her effort to achieve this result. It was, perhaps, a new sort of humane drive, but an eminently successful one.

An impelling factor in promoting humane education is to make it so practical that the desire to accomplish and create things in a humane mold will come from within the school and not be left to depend upon outside influence. In contact with schools the subject of humaneness should always be presented from the angle of co-operation and never from the one of criticism. In every normal school there should be a place in the curriculum for humaneness, arranged in such an intelligent way that every pupil teacher may readily grasp its meaning. In practically all of the normal schools of New York State there is a definite program of this sort being followed. In the majority of training schools in another state a course of instruction in humaneness has already been adopted.

The Maxwell Training School for Teachers in Brooklyn is leading all of the schools in this group by establishing a definite course in humaneness, which is made an elective subject, with credits being given for proficiency. Students from this school also gave a practical demonstration at the World Humane Conference in a brief but convincing description of how humaneness is being correlated with the other subjects in the curriculum of their school. The Maxwell School also has an active school humane organization with one hundred per cent membership, which is a vital

American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see last page. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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factor in the civic as well as the school life of the community.

With such whole-hearted co-operation of the school authorities combined with the ready responsiveness of the child, there seems to be no reason why the practical teaching as well as the application of the fundamental principles of humane education should not be a part of the school program in every state in the Union.

HOW can I teach your children gentleness.
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence?

LONGFELLOW

LUKANNON

(This is the great deep-sea song that all the St. Paul seals sing when they are heading back to their beaches in the summer. It is a sort of very sad seal national anthem.)

I MET my mates in the morning (and oh, but I am old!)
Where roaring on the ledges the summer groundswell rolled.
I heard them lift the chorus that dropped the breaker's song—
The beaches of Lukannon—two million voices strong!
The song of pleasant stations beside the salt lagoons.
The song of blowing squadrons that shuffled down the dunes.
The song of midnight dances that churned the sea to flame—
The beaches of Lukannon—before the sealers came!

I met my mates in the morning (I'll never meet them more!)
They came and went in legions that darkened all the shore.
And through the foam-flecked offing as far as voice could reach
We hailed the landing parties and we sang them up the beach.
The beaches of Lukannon—the winter wheat so tall—
The dripping, crinkled lichens, and sea-fog drenching all!
The platform of our playground, all shining smooth and worn!
The beaches of Lukannon—the home where we were born!

I meet my mates in the morning, a broken, scattered band.
Men shoot us in the water and club us on the land;
Men drive us to the salt house, like silly sheep and tame,
And still we sing Lukannon—before the sealers came.
Wheel down, wheel down to southward; oh, Gooverooska go;
And tell the Deep-sea Viceroys the story of our woe;
Ere, empty as the shark's egg the tempest flings ashore,
The beaches of Lukannon shall know their sons no more!

RUDYARD KIPLING

NO MORE FURS FOR HER

AN interested young reader in New York City recently sent this letter to the editor:—

I believe you will like to know that as a result of reading so much in *Our Dumb Animals* and elsewhere about the destruction of the fur-bearing animals, my mother and I are not going to wear fur at all. She is sending the few pieces of fur we owned to a missionary in Alaska. It is really so cold there that fur is needed. My mother has put a collar of corduroy on her coat and we think it looks much better than some poor creature's skin would look. We are vegetarians and do not eat any meat.

LET us have faith that Right makes Might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.

LINCOLN

Will You Stand for Tortures Like This?

F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

Drawing by CAHAN

Published by special permission of the *New York World*

THROUGH the damp North Woods, along a trail which he thought he alone knew, a big red fox was trotting with the idea of getting a good meal somewhere and then holing up for a long sleep. He moved soundlessly, but swiftly.

Suddenly there was a vicious clank and snap, and with a yelp of pain the fox leaped and fell, twisting with agony. A trap had closed on his hind leg.

The fox rolled and writhed, but could not loosen that steel grip. Every movement wrenched the torn muscles and tendons held in the relentless steel jaws; the tattered nerves telegraphed messages of unbelievable pain. Added to the physical torture was the horrible pang of fear—the dreadful unreasoning fear of the wild thing held against its will. Blindly the creature struggled, flinging its lithe body this way and that, dragging the heavy trap as far as its chain would allow, shrieking as the savage teeth of the jaws tore the wound anew, falling at last in exhaustion, eyes glazed, frothing at the mouth.

Night brought a measure of temporary relief. The portion of the leg below the jaws of the trap, its circulatory apparatus cut off by the pressure, was slowly growing numb. By just that much was the pain relieved. As the weary hours wore on, this part gradually became completely nerveless. The fox resorted to the last desperate measure of safety. Twisting till his powerful teeth could close on the trapped member, though the movement woke new pangs in its tortured body, he grimly set to work. Horrible moments passed.

The trap which had caught him had gripped high on his leg, for its designers had ingeniously arranged the spring so that when sprung it would literally leap from the ground and bite high, thus getting a good grip with small chances of losing its prey. It was what is known to the trade as a "jump-trap," and was noted for its efficiency.

The fox continued gnawing. The severed foot fell to the ground. There was only a small shred of flesh caught in the trap now. A quick pull, and—

Another scream testified to the effort and its failure. The trap, besides its spring feature, embodied another fiendish intricacy of design. It was what is called a "double-jaw" trap; above the jaws below which the fox had done his terrible bit of auto-surgery was another pair of biting members, so that a good two inches of bone and muscle were still held fast.

The night passed. With the day came fever—fever and most horrible thirst. The caught leg throbbed frantically. The fear returned.

The fox had enemies. If one of them came along the trail now there would be nothing left but to be eaten—alive! Fever, horrible torment of the flesh, maddening thirst and blind fear in turn and together had their way of the victim.



This went on for days.

Recently the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offered a prize for the invention of a humane trap. About three hundred designs were submitted. Dr. W. Reid Blair, veterinarian and pathologist of the New York Zoological Park, was selected to pass on these devices. His report was that not one of the models submitted was practical for the purpose specified. The society withheld its award.

A trap, to operate successfully, must not smell of human touch and must be capable of concealment. The steel trap fulfils both these requirements. A trapper can carry many of them and place them at advantageous positions along game trails. They require no bait; they operate by the unguarded placing of a foot. They are almost certain to hold the game, particularly the jump-traps and double-jaw traps. They represent the "ideal" method of taking fur-bearing animals. Of course, from 25 to 50 per cent of the game taken is in the so-called "fluke" class—squirrels, rabbits, weasels and such creatures, which are not wanted by the trapper. These are tortured the same as are the real quarry sought.

Trapping means the most bitter physical torture for its victims, coupled with the mental torture of fear.

This agony is visited on many unsought victims, whose lives are thrown away as are their bodies when found.

NO EFFICIENT HUMANE TRAP HAS EVER BEEN DEvised.

"Trapping pays well"—"Trapping is good fun" (for whom?)—"There's money in trapping, boys"—by such phrases schoolboys are urged to take up the fine, clean, manly out-

door sport of submitting wild creatures to agonies before which the inventions of savage races pale by comparison.

Of course, milady must have her furs.

But look closely at your furs the next time you wear them, madam. There is blood on them.

"CRIP," THE HOBO DOG

CAPTAIN JACK

A DOG has but recently died that lived many years in tramping over the world, and would change from vessel to vessel, but always made sure that he traveled on one of American registry.

Reading like the romantic lives of many



men, the career of "Crip," the internationally known hobo dog, has a striking similarity. Picked up in the lumber yard of a South Atlantic seaport town many years ago, this waif of a puppy, with one foreleg gone as the result of a railway accident, was nursed back to life by some kind sailors who took him to Boston on the "first leg" of his adventurous career. However, Crip would claim no master, and while he was beloved and petted by all, he frequently changed ships, leaving the coastwise ships for the deep-water freighters, thus exhibiting a desire to see the world.

Many years passed, but at frequent intervals the dog would return to his old home town on the Georgia coast for a visit to his old friends, but, like his friends the sailors, there was always a longing for the sea, and soon you would see him em-bark for another voyage.

Not long ago his shipmates heard Crip whine—something he had never done before, and realizing that his end was not far off, they turned him over to a vessel that was bound for his home port, and there he was tenderly put ashore. Ambling as best he could, he sought the beautiful park in the center of the city, and staggered to a shady spot under a great oak tree. There, his fevered body cooled by the sea breezes of old ocean, which had been his home for many years, this little waif of a dog, which had grown up and lived to visit more lands perhaps than had any other dog, passed away with the satisfaction that the end came in his native land.

LEARN the luxury of doing good.

GOLDSMITH

So long as we live, we serve; so long as we are loved by others, I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.

STEVENSON

SUGGESTED NAME FOR THE DOG

H. C. MERWIN in *New York Tribune*

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THERE, little pup, don't wail! You're not forsaken,

Although from puppy pals and home ties taken;
I promise you new friends and habitation,
A future bright, a carefree life, some station,
A nice estate, a motor car to ride in,
A family you well may take a pride in,
In lieu of all that you are giving up—
What say you, pup?

Your weight in wildcats you would never lick,
But to my heart you licked your way—and stick.
Will come where welcome waits you on the mat.
And let your friends all know where you are at?
That you're at home at number twenty-one
McAdam Street, the town called Stonington,
And that is where you choose to sleep and sup—
I ask you, pup?

Will you adopt us for your very own,
And love us even better than your bone;
Forsaking others, still unto us cleave,
And vow that you will never, never leave—
Though fortune fail, friends quit and woe betide,
That you will stick yet closer to our side
And be for aye our chum and runner-up—
Is it "Yes," pup?

Then welcome, pup, and be thou christened
Jigger!

I only wish you were a little bigger,
With manners and eke habits more refined;
'Twould help you in your quest new friends to find!

But, oh, that tail—responsive, debonair,
Its joyous wag would take you anywhere,
Be this your home! Food, shelter, and the cup,
I will set up!

THANKSGIVING FOR THE DUMB

THROUGH the interest of Miss Martha J. Atkins, president of the Animal Rescue League, Provincetown, Mass., a group of children gathered at her home on Thanksgiving morning and carried treats to the birds, cats, dogs, and horses of that town which seemed deserving of this unique charity. Contributions of cash and supplies were received from a number of the townspeople. Whether the most good came to the cheerful donors or to the needy recipients, we cannot say, but the idea was a happy one and the publicity given to it both in the local and Boston papers may bear fruit in other communities.

A SAN DIEGO "BOOSTER"

A WORKER in the humane cause in San Diego, California, sends us a card with an attractive picture of a cat at the top, and below it these lines by Warner Willis Fries:

I asked this cat, so soft and meek,
What made him look so fat and sleek;
He answered, quick as he could speak:
"I live in San Diego!"

"But, puss, you cannot mean to say
You live on climate and the bay!"
He queried, as he turned away,
"Why not, in San Diego?"

"Stay, cat," I called, "it can't be true
You feast on climate and the view!"
He stated, with a parting mew;
"One can, in San Diego!"

A MOTHER'S STRATEGY

A True Story

CORNELIA ASHLEY

SAGAWAM" was the name of a Guernsey Queen, a very beautiful thoroughbred cow, endowed with almost human intelligence. One day in June she gave birth to a little white and gold heifer calf. The baby was so tiny and weak that the owner who stood



"DAPHNE" AT FIFTEEN WEEKS

looking at the two remarked, "Well, I won't keep that calf, that's sure—such a puny thing."

The wise old mother talked in the cow language to the baby which staggered around, giving it the affectionate motherly attention that any mother would give.

So two days passed—the ever watchful eyes of the old cow always upon the baby and upon the owner whenever he appeared.

At the feeding time of the third day the man said as he patted the old cow, "Tomorrow, I'll take you out to pasture," and went in to his supper.

It was a foggy night with a heavy mist falling and a chill east wind blowing.

A little more than half an hour the man returned again to the barn. The cow was loose and alone. After searching all through the barn, where no trace of the little bossie was to be found, the man called for assistance as it was fast getting dark.

We went through the tall wet grass and into an adjoining field, but saw no sign of the little animal.

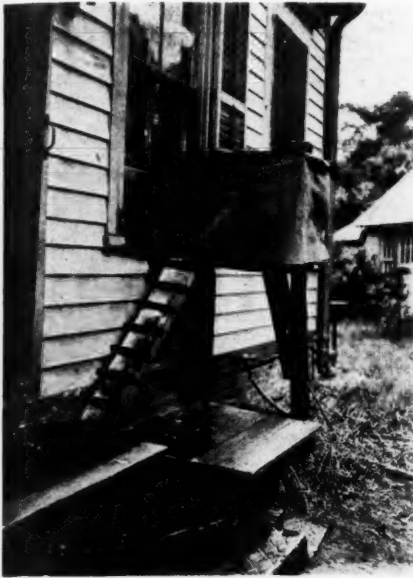
Finally, I went further off along a wall where wild blackberry vines made a dense growth, and looking between the wall and a little tool-house, what did I see—fast asleep—but the baby bossie!

She was so small I picked her up in my arms and started for the barn. The mother uttered the low crooning sound but did not seem especially pleased. However, she welcomed the baby and lapped her clean of the human touch.

The family firmly believed that the intelligent instinct of the old cow "to hide that she might keep" was responsible for the clever ruse. The little calf was given to me to raise. I called her "Daphne" and she grew to be the pet of the family, living in clover the rest of her life.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK, APRIL 7-12; HUMANE SUNDAY, APRIL 6, 1924.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.



STORM DOOR FOR CATS

THE cat climbs the ladder and enters the box from which he passes through a flap-door in a window board into the house. This unique device keeps out the cold in winter and the flies in summer, as the cold air does not get around the corner and the flies will not enter the dark area.

WHERE DO ELEPHANTS DIE?

ONE of the great mysteries of the natural history world is where elephants go when they die. Curiously enough the body of an elephant that has died from natural causes has never been discovered either in India or Africa. Among native races there is a widespread belief that, when the great beasts feel the end approaching, they make their way to some secret hiding-place in which to die. The whole question is just as big a mystery as ever, in spite of the fact that many attempts have been made to solve the problem. The districts where elephants occur in a wild state have been scoured in all directions in the hope of discovering the last resting place of the huge animals, but without any result. Quite recently another determined attempt has been made to penetrate the mystery, but, up to the present, nothing of any value has been discovered. As a matter of fact the problem has more than a scientific interest to it. Any individual who is so fortunate as to find the elephants' graveyard will certainly have made a fortune. On this spot there must be a huge accumulation of ivory, a commodity which is continually increasing in value. —*Scientific American*

MOURN LOSS OF AGED OFFICE CAT

THE editors of the *Montour Democrat*, Danville, Pa., who are constant readers of *Our Dumb Animals*, are mourning the loss of their office cat, "McGinty," aged seventeen and a half. "We sadly miss this good, old companion from his accustomed haunts," they write, "and ne'er expect to see his like again." The fraternity of cat-loving editors will sympathize with this sentiment.

Do not abandon your cat when moving.

THE DESERTED CAT

GRACE STUART ORCUTT

ALONE, dejected, on the garden wall,
With no response to your beseeching call;
The chill of winter in the frosty air,
For you a home no longer anywhere.

So long a stranger to a dish of milk;
Rough, matted fur that once was glossy silk;
Chased here and there by everybody's cur;
So God-forsaken you no longer purr.

Around the neighborhood you skulk and hide;
To find your former owners you have tried,
But they are gone, although they must have known
That you were left behind to starve alone.

If in your hunger you should catch a bird,
Then what an awful outcry would be heard!
No thought be given to the reason why,—
That you were left alone to starve and die.

And while you rub yourself against my leg,
And for a kindly pat so anxious beg,
With such a wishful yearning in your eyes,
That I with you cannot but sympathize.

Ah, we forget that we've a sterner creed;
Fine creatures raise on purpose for our need;
The guilt is ours; the cat we must forgive;
Ours the intent; hers but the wish to live.

Methinks I glimpse within your yellow eyes
A golden dream of some far paradise,
Where human folk stick by their humble friends,
And leave them not to live at odds and ends.

WISDOM OF THE TOAD

ELMER WHITTAKER

I HAVE around my yard about twelve toads, some of which have been there for four years. Each evening these toads come from their resting place and start out in their search of food. A description of the means by which the creature contrives to force down inconvenient forms of food, is especially amusing. When a toad, under inspection, got into his mouth part of an insect too large for his tongue to thrust down his throat, he resorted to the nearest stone and used it for a brace.

Another instance of ingenuity on the part of a toad was a little fellow's manner of disposing of an earthworm. The worm was so long that it had to be swallowed by sections. But, while one end was in the toad's stomach, the other end was coiled about his head. He waited until the worm's writhing gave him a chance, then swallowed half an inch; then taking a nip with his jaws, waited for a chance to draw in another half inch. But there were so many half inches to dispose of that at length his jaws grew tired, lost their firmness of grip, and the worm crawled out five-eighths of an inch between each half inch swallowing. The toad, perceiving this, brought his right foot to his jaws, grasping his abdomen with his foot, and, by a little effort getting hold of the worm in his stomach from the outside, he thus, by his foot held fast to what he had gained by each swallow, presently succeeded in getting the worm entirely down.

Toads should be enticed around every garden, for they eat a great many more bugs and insects injurious to crops than one would realize. By all means, let the toad use your garden as its habitation for you will be greatly rewarded.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS POSTERS

Prize Contest of Massachusetts S. P. C. A.
Closes April 1

IN connection with the annual observance of Be Kind to Animals Week, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. offers prizes for the best posters, open to pupils in any school, public or private, in Massachusetts, as follows:—

Class I. Fourth year, High Schools. First, \$20; second, \$15; third, \$10.

Class II. Third year, High Schools. First, \$20; second, \$15; third, \$10.

Class III. Second year, High Schools. First, \$20; second, \$15; third, \$10.

Class IV. First year, High Schools. First, \$20; second, \$15; third, \$10.

Class V. Third year, Junior High. First, \$20; second, \$15; third, \$10.

Class VI. Second year, Junior High. First, \$15; second, \$10; third, \$5.

Class VII. First year, Junior High. First, \$15; second, \$10; third, \$5.

Class VIII. Eighth (or ninth) grade. Grammar. First, \$15; second, \$10; third, \$5.

Class IX. Seventh grade. Grammar. First, \$15; second, \$10; third, \$5.

Class X. Sixth grade. Grammar. First, \$15; second, \$10; third, \$5.

Class XI. Fifth grade. Grammar. First, \$15; second, \$10; third, \$5.

The contest closes April 1, as the posters will be exhibited in the Boston Public Library during Humane Sunday, April 6, and Be Kind to Animals Week, April 7 to 12, 1924. Teachers or pupils interested in competing should send at once for full particulars, or consult the last page of *Our Dumb Animals* for January.



TWENTY-FOUR-POUND CAT

Owned by Mr. C. E. Stone, Dorchester, Mass.
This beautiful pet is appropriately named "Brother Stone"

Large Band of Mercy in University of Nanking

Three Hundred and Ninety-seven Boys Sign the Pledge (Given Below in Chinese Characters)

余願仁愛一切生物並保護之使不受虐待



NANKING UNIVERSITY CHAPEL

學大陵金
UNIVERSITY OF NANKING
NANKING, CHINA
MIDDLE SCHOOL
F. W. DIETERICH

December 10, 1923

American Humane Education Society
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Richardson:—

Some time ago we received some samples of the literature published by the above society, together with a letter from the Board of Foreign Missions of the M. E. Church, 150 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., asking us to use or distribute this literature where it would do the most good.

Recently in my class in Religious Education we had a lesson on cruelty to animals and I distributed the pamphlets among the class asking for reports on each. The boys were all so much interested, voting unanimously to form a Band of Mercy here, that I decided to present the matter to the whole student body of something over four hundred, including both the High School and the Grades. As a result, three hundred and ninety-seven boys signed the Band of Mercy pledge and over two hundred and fifty of them wish me to order Band of Mercy buttons for them as advertised or listed on the last cover page of the pamphlet, "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals."

I am enclosing herewith an alphabetical list of the names of the boys who signed the pledge, together with two or three sheets of their actual signatures.

Today I was invited to present this matter of Humane Education to the members of the Nanking Church Council at their regular monthly meeting. This is an organization of the pastors and elected representatives of all the churches and Christian Associations working in Nanking. It was very sympathet-

ically received, indeed, and enthusiastically discussed, but time forbade any definite action more than referring the matter to the Committee on Social Reform for action. Several of the Chinese pastors spoke to me after the meeting and would like literature, in Chinese, which they could distribute in their churches, Sunday-schools and day schools (grades). I would be glad for a generous and varied supply of samples of your literature, pamphlets, posters, cards, magazine, etc.

There are almost ten thousand students in Nanking and the city is showing great interest in social reform at this time. Recently a public gathering of officials, gentry, businessmen and others was held (attendance about two thousand) and action was taken pledging the city to enter upon a campaign of reforms including among others, drinking, gambling, and *cruelty to animals*. To these reforms the officials have pledged their support. Such action and such a meeting was made possible as a result of the Christian influences which have been at work in the city for several decades. So you see the hour is very propitious at this particular time for the promotion of the interests of your society. With your co-operation and suggestions I shall be glad to do what I can for the cause. Nanking has been the leader in other forms of progress and might well be in this respect, she being one of the acknowledged educational centers of China.

Our Band of Mercy boys have elected Mr. Ho Ying as their president. He is a Chinese scholar, that is, has a degree under the old Chinese system of education, and is now studying English and other subjects in our Middle (High) School.

You can have little conception of the terrible and constant cruelty which abounds on every hand every day in almost every place, as one might reasonably expect in a non-Christian civilization, and it is by no means confined to dumb animals, unfortunately.

So we pray for God's blessing upon your society and upon the spread of its "gospel" in this very needy land.

Your fellow-worker,

In His service,

F. W. DIETERICH

Nanking University commands special interest from many of our readers, especially those in Massachusetts, who will recall that it was Dr. John C. Ferguson of Newton, now adviser to the President of the Republic of China, who was the first president of the institution (1888-97). It was here that Professor Marshall L. Perrin of Boston University spent a year, teaching in the collegiate department. Upon his return a Nanking Club was organized in Boston University which has done much to arouse interest and practical help for the sister University in China among the undergraduates and friends of Boston. Now comes another link between the Chinese University and an institution in Boston, for the American Humane Education Society has been the means of starting a new interest in Nanking, that for the protection of animals from abuse.

Not only will the enthusiastic body of Band of Mercy members in the Middle and lower schools of Nanking University receive generous contributions of literature in English, but there will also be sent to them financial aid for printing humane literature in the native language. This is made possible through a recent gift to the American Humane Education Society specially designated for foreign work. A careful reading of Mr. Dieterich's letter, published above, will show that the seed sown in Nanking is destined to bring forth a harvest far beyond the confines of the University. This is but one (though very emphatic) illustration of what the American Humane Education Society is accomplishing, the literature having been sent out through the Missionary Board by one of our vice-presidents.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

See inside front cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five hundred and two new Bands of Mercy were reported in December. Of these, 166 were in schools of Pennsylvania; 99 in schools of Massachusetts; 83 in schools of North Carolina; 56 in schools of Minnesota; 44 in schools of Texas; 27 in schools of Connecticut; 10 in schools of Delaware; 5 in schools of Virginia; 4 in schools of Washington; 3 in schools of Tennessee; 2 in schools of Maine; and one each in Indiana, Wisconsin and California.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 145,070

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A MODERN PUSS IN BOOTS

KATHERINE VIRGINIA SINKS

PUSS IN BOOTS, of nursery-book fame, has a modern rival in "Tige," an eight-year-old tiger cat, who was one of the happiest members of a motor party to reach Glendale, California, last summer after a transcontinental tour of over 3,000 miles.

This cat tale, however, begins right in Boston, Massachusetts, for when Tige was only a poor, bedraggled little tiger kitten, doomed to be drowned by a bunch of boys, he was rescued by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bancroft, and their son, Allen.

He was named "Tige" because of his tiger coat. Straightway he became the family pet, and last summer when the Bancroft family packed up their worldly possessions to move to California, they decided to take the family cat along.

An expensive cat basket was purchased and Tige was "packed" securely for the trip. But after a few miles of travel he voiced such strenuous feline disapproval at not seeing the scenery en route that he was released from his basket and allowed to make the rest of the trip curled up comfortably on one of the seats of the Bancroft automobile.

JIMMIE'S DOG

MARION COON

JIMMIE lived on an island off the coast of Maine. One night, when he was quite a little boy, his father brought him a young dog. Of course Jimmie was delighted and the two had good fun playing together. He named the puppy "Prince Rupert." The dog was not a collie or any special kind of dog good to have on a farm, so the family were much surprised when, one day, after he had been with them several months, he came driving the cows home at milking time, without one missing.

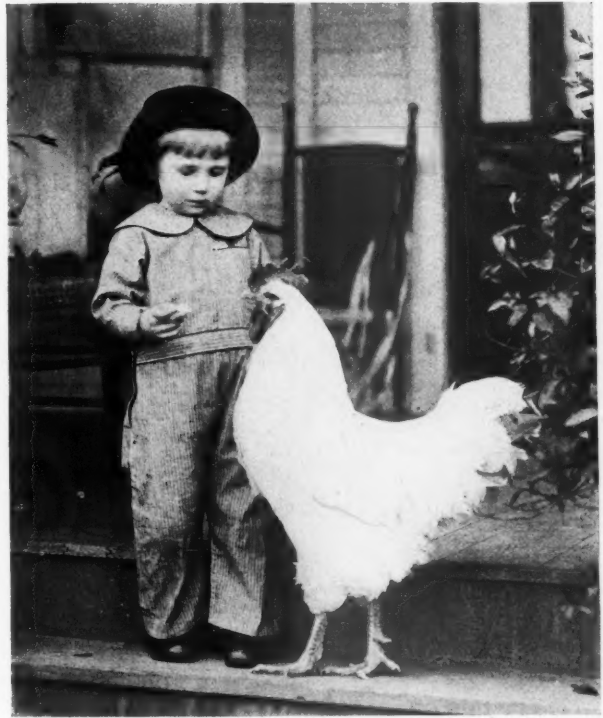
Jimmie was glad, for he was saved the long walk to the pasture. After that the dog brought the cows home every night. But one evening Jimmie's mother saw that one of the cows had not come home. She called Prince Rupert and scolded him and told him to go back and get the other cow. But he only walked around and wriggled and seemed unwilling to go. Finally, his mistress stamped her foot and said, "Go, get the other cow!" so sharply that Prince Rupert started off for the pasture. He did not come back, and finally Jimmie and his father went to see what was the matter. They found the dog sitting on a rock, guarding the cow and her new baby calf. He knew that she had to stay and take care of the calf and could not come home that night.

In the evenings at home Prince Rupert helped Jimmie fill the kitchen stove corner with wood. Every time Jimmie went down cellar for an armful of wood, the dog went too, and brought up a stick in his mouth. He would lay it on the pile and then straighten it with his nose.

Prince Rupert grew to be so big that when he sat up in the wicker rocking-chair his head came way up to the top.

Wouldn't you like a dog like Prince Rupert to help you work and play?

Under the frozen crust there is plenty of food for birds. Above that crust are thousands of hungry birds. They cannot break open the ice-chest to get that food. Please feed the birds today with bread crumbs, small grain, hay-seed, and scraps of suet.



SHARING HIS COOKIE WITH CHANTICLEER

WHY ONE BOY LIKES ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

OF all the Lincoln stories told
I think that one's the best of all
About him and the little bird,
And how he heard its call.

You know, the one that tells about
How Lincoln, on a summer day,
Riding on horseback with a friend,
Along a tree-lined way,
Heard doleful peeps that seemed to come
From out the tangled wayside grass;
And, though he had no time to spare,
He could not bear to pass,
E'en though his journey called for haste,
But stopped his horse, dismounted there;
And searching in the tangled grass,
And stepping with great care,
He found a little weakling bird,
That fell from out its mother's nest,
And climbed the tree, quick as he could,
And put it with the rest!

Why, such a story makes you know
He never could be mean or glum!
It makes you wish so hard to have
A boy like him for chum!

WHAT DOES HE THINK OF THE HUMAN RACE?

DAVID LEE WHARTON

WHEN a humble and inoffensive dog, bruised by a kick or a blow, administered by a higher animal, sits quivering and licking his hurts, what are his thoughts?

What does he think of the human race?

When a horse struggles with a load much beyond his strength and patiently continues to strain every muscle in an effort to achieve an impossibility, beneath a rain of lashes and abuse,

What does he think of the human race?

When a caged bird pines his life away in the confines of a tiny cage, and calls to mind the days of freedom and happiness,

What does he think of the human race?

When a lordly beast trapped as he wandered happily in his God-given sphere, and brought from beyond the seas, lies listlessly for years in an iron cage scarcely large enough in which to turn his magnificent body, looks day after day into the faces of the creatures who come to leer upon his misery,

What does he think of the human race?

When the cow, who has given her pure, rich milk faithfully, and who is truly attached to her owner, finds herself in the abattoir, breathing deeply of the foul blood and death-laden air, as she sees the awful figure wielding the death-dealing sledge, as she tries vainly to evade the blows, receiving possibly three or four before consciousness becomes extinct,

What does she think of the human race?

When a little woodland creature, upon whom heaven has bestowed a beautiful covering of fur, in seeking food steps into the jaws of a steel trap, there to lie in the blackness of night and the cold whiteness of the day until death brings surcease from suffering, in order to cater to the vanity of a biped,

What does he think of the human race?

When a dumb and unhappy creature is taken from his crate and brought before the footlights garbed as an unchaste and intemperate human, and compelled to give painful imitations of degrading human orgies, what are his thoughts?

What does he think of the human race?

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL
An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, vice-president of the First National Bank, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

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THE NEWSPAPER MAN IN CHURCH

A PREACHER, at the close of one of his sermons, said: "Let all in the house who are paying their debts stand up." Presently every man, woman and child, with one exception, rose to their feet.

The preacher seated them and said: "Now, let every man not paying his debts stand up." The exception, a careworn, hungry-looking individual, clothed in last summer's suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position.

"How is it, my friend," asked the minister, "that you are the only one not able to meet his obligations?"

"I run a newspaper," he answered meekly, "and the brethren here who stood up are my subscribers and—"

"Let us pray," exclaimed the minister.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by George T. Angell in 1868

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two societies.

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